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A N
E P I S T L E

FROM A

Lady in *ENGLAND*;

TO A

GENTLEMAN at *AVIGNON*.

By Mr. TICKELL. (57)

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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A N
E P I S T L E

FROM A
Lady in *ENGLAND*;

T O A
GENTLEMAN at *AVIGNON*.

TO Thee, dear Rover, and thy vanquish'd Friends,
The Health, she wants, thy gentle *Chloe* sends:
Though much You suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an Exile on my Native Shore.
Companions in your Master's Flight you roame,
Unenvy'd by your haughty Foes at home;
For-ever near the Royal Outlaw's side
You share his Fortunes, and his Hopes divide,

On glorious Schemes, and Thoughts of Empire dwell,
And with Imaginary Titles swell.

Say (for thou know'st I own his sacred Line,
The Passive Doctrine, and the Right Divine)
Say, what new Succours do's the Chief prepare?
The Strength of Armies? Or the Force of Pray'r?
Do's he from Heav'n or Earth his Hopes derive?
From Saints Departed? Or from Priests Alive?
Nor Saints nor Priests can *Brunswick's* Troops withstand,
And Beads drop useless through the Zealot's Hand;
Heav'n to our Vows may Future Kingdoms owe,
But Skill and Courage win the Crowns below.

E're to thy Cause, and Thee, my Heart inclin'd,
Or Love to Party had seduce'd my Mind,
In Female Joys I took a dull Delight,
Slept all the Morn, and Punted half the Night:
But now, with Fears and publick Cares possess'd,
The Church, the Church, for-ever breaks my Rest.
The *Post-Boy* on my Pillow I explore,
And sift the News of ev'ry foreign Shore,
Studious to find new Friends, and new Allies;
What Armies march from *Sueden* in Disguise;
How *Spain* prepares her Banners to unfold,
And *Rome* deals out her Blessings, and her Gold:

Then

Then o'er the Map my Finger, taught to stray,
 Cross many a Region marks the winding Way;
 From Sea to Sea, from Realm to Realm I rove,
 And grow a mere Geographer by Love.
 But still *Avignon*, and the pleasing Coast
 That holds Thee banish'd, claims my Care the most,
 Oft on the well-known Spot I fix my Eyes,
 And Span the Distance that between us lies.

Let not our *James*, tho' foil'd in Arms, Despair,
 Whilst on his Side he reckons half the Fair:
 In *Britain's* lovely Isle a shining Throng
 War in his Cause, a thousand Beauties strong.
 Th' unthinking Victors vainly boast their Pow'rs;
 Be Theirs the Musquet, while the Tongue is Ours.
 We Reason with such Fluency and Fire,
 The Beaux we baffle, and the Learned tire,
 Against her Prelates plead the Church's Cause,
 And from our Judges vindicate the Laws.
 Then mourn not, hapless Prince, thy Kingdoms lost,
 A Crown, tho' late, thy sacred Brow may boast;
 Heav'n seems through Us thy Empire to decree,
 Those who win Hearts, have giv'n their Hearts to Thee.

Ha'st thou not heard that, when profusely gay
 Our well-drest Rivals grace'd their Sov'raign's Day,

We stubborn Damfels met the publick View
 In loathsome Wormwood, and-repenting Rue?
 What Whig but trembled, when our spotless Band
 In Virgin Roses whiten'd half the Land!
 Who can forget what Fears the Foe possess,
 When Oaken Boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal Breast!
 Less scar'd near *Medway's* Stream the *Norman* stood,
 When cross the Plain he spy'd a marching Wood,
 'Till, near at hand, a Gleam of Swords betray'd
 The Youth of *Kent* beneath it's wandring Shade.

Those, who the Succours of the Fair despise,
 May find that we have Nails as well as Eyes.
 Thy Female Bands, O Prince by Fortune cross'd,
 At least more Courage than thy Men may boast:
 Our Sex has dar'd the Mug-House Chiefs to meet,
 And purchas'd Fame in many a well-fought Street.
 From *Drury-Lane*, the Region of Renown,
 The Land of Love, the *Paphos* of the Town,
 Fair Patriots fallying oft have put to flight
 With all their Poles the Guardians of the Night,
 And bore, with Screams of Triumph, to their Side
 The Leader's Staff in all its painted Pride.
 Nor fears the Hawker in her warbling Note
 To vend the discontented Statesman's Thought.

Tho' red with Stripes, and recent from the Thong,
 Sore smitten for the Love of sacred Song,
 The tuneful Sisters still pursue their Trade,
 Like *Philomela* darkling in the Shade.
 Poor *Trott* attends, forgetful of a Fare,
 And Hums in Concert o'er his Empty Chair.

Mean while, regardless of the Royal Cause,
 His Sword for *James* no Brother Sov'rain draws.
 The Pope himself, furrounded with Alarms,
 To *France* his Bulls, to *Corfu* sends his Arms,
 And though He hears his Darling Son's Complaint,
 Can hardly spare one Tutelary Saint,
 But lifts them all to guard his own Abodes,
 And into Ready Money coyns his Gods.
 The dauntless *Suede*, pursu'd by vengeful Foes,
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary Snows;
 Nor must the friendly Roof of kind *Lorrain*
 With Feasts regale our Garter'd Youth again:
 Safe, *Bar-le-duc*, within thy silent Grove
 The Pheasant now may perch, the Hare may rove:
 The Knight, who aims unerring from afar,
 Th' Advent'rous Knight, now quits the Sylvan War:
 Thy brinded Boars may slumber un-dismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the Chestnut Shade.

Inconstant *Orleans* (still we mourn the Day
 That trusted *Orleans* with Imperial Sway)
 Far o'er the *Alps* our helpless Monarch sends,
 Far from the Call of his desponding Friends,
 Such are the Terms to gain *Britannia's* Grace!
 And such the Terrours of the *Brunswick* Race!

Was it for this the Sun's whole Lustre fail'd,
 And sudden Midnight o'er the Noon prevail'd!
 For this did Heav'n display to Mortal Eyes
 Aërial Knights and Combates in the Skies!
 Was it for this *Northumbrian* Streams look'd Red!
 And *Thames* driv'n backward show'd his Secret Bed!
 False Auguries! th' insulting Victor's Scorn!
 Ev'n our own Prodigies against us turn!
 O Portents constru'd on our Side in vain!
 Let never Tory trust Eclipse again!
 Run clear, ye Fountains! be at Peace, ye Skies!
 And *Thames*, henceforth to thy green Borders rise!

To *Rome* then must the Royal Wand'rer go,
 And fall a Suppliant at the Papal Toe?
 His Life in Sloth inglorious must he wear,
 One half in Luxury, and one in Pray'r?
 His Mind perhaps at length debauch'd with Ease
 The proffer'd Purple and the Hat may please.

Shall

Shall He, whose Ancient Patriarchal Race
 To mighty *Nimrod* in One Line we trace,
 In solemn Conclave sit, devoid of Thought,
 And poll for Points of Faith his Trusty Vote!
 Be summon'd to his Stall in time of Need,
 And with his casting Suffrage fix a Creed!
 Shall He in Robes on stated Days appear,
 And *English* Hereticks curse once a Year!
Garnet and *Faux* shall He with Pray'rs invoke,
 And beg that *Smithfield* Piles once more may smoak!
 Forbid it Heav'n! my Soul, to Fury wrought,
 Turns almost *Hanoverian* at the Thought.

From *James* and *Rome* I feel my Heart decline,
 And fear, O *Brunswick*, 'twill be wholly Thine;
 Yet still his Share thy Rival will contest,
 And still the Double Claim divides my Breast.
 The Fate of *James* with pitying Eyes I view,
 And wish my Homage were not *Brunswick's* Due:
 To *James* my Passions and my Weakness guide,
 But Reason sways me to the Victor's Side.
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the Truth appear;
 (You know my Language, and my Heart, sincere.)
 In vain did Falshood his fair Fame disgrace;
 What force had Falshood, when He show'd his Face!

In vain to War our boastful Clans were led;
 Heaps driv'n on Heaps, in the dire Shock they fled:
France shuns his Wrath, nor raises to our Shame
 A second *Dunkirk* in another Name:
 In *Britain's* Funds their Wealth all *Europe* throws,
 And up the *Thames* the World's Abundance flows:
 Spight of feign'd Fears, and artificial Cries,
 The Pious Town sees Fifty Churches rise:
 The Hero triumphs as his Worth is known,
 And sits more firmly on his Shaken Throne.

To my sad Thought no Beam of Hope appears
 Through the long Prospect of succeeding Years.
 The Son, aspiring to his Father's Fame,
 Shows all his Sire: Another and the Same.
 He, blest in lovely *Carolina's* Arms,
 To future Ages propagates Her Charms:
 With Pain and Joy at strife, I often trace
 The mingled Parents in each Daughter's Face,
 Half sick'ning at the Sight, too well I spie
 The Father's Spirit through the Mother's Eye:
 In vain new Thoughts of Rage I entertain,
 And strive to Hate their Innocence in vain.

O Princess! Happy by thy Foes confest!
 Blest in thy Husband! in thy Children blest!

As They from Thee, from Them New Beauties born,
 While *Europe* lasts, shall *Europe's* Thrones adorn.
 Transplanted to each Court, in times to come,
 Thy Smile Celestial and un-fading Bloom
 Great *Austria's* Sons with softer Lines shall grace,
 And smoothe the Frowns of *Bourbon's* haughty Race.
 The fair Descendents of thy sacred Bed
 Wide-branching o'er the Western World shall spread,
 Like the fam'd *Banian* Tree, whose pliant Shoot
 To Earthward bending of it's self takes Root,
 Till, like their Mother Plant, ten thousand stand
 In verdant Arches on the fertile Land;
 Beneath her Shade the tawny *Indians* rove,
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing Grove.

O Thou, to whom these mournful Lines I send,
 My promis'd Husband, and my dearest Friend;
 Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd Race to reign,
 And Blood has drench'd the *Scottish* Fields in vain;
 Must I be wretched, and thy Flight partake?
 Or wilt not Thou, for thy lov'd *Chloe's* sake,
 Tir'd out at length, submit to Fate's Decree?
 If not to *Brunswick*, O return to Me!
 Prostrate before the Victor's Mercy bend:
 What spares whole Thousands, may to Thee extend.

Should blinded Friends thy doubtful Conduct blame,
 Great *Brunswick's* Virtues will secure thy Fame:
 Say, these invite thee to approach his Throne,
 And own the Monarch, Heav'n vouchsafes to own.
 The World, convinc'd, thy Reasons will approve,
 Say this to Them; but swear to Me 'twas Love.



F I N I S.



